

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, JANUARY 4, 1915.

"MURDOCK'S FOOT-EASE."

"Murdock's substitute for Allen's foot-ease" is the latest definition to come to us of the local street railway system. If you are so foot-sore and weary that you can't walk, then you ride. Our informant insists that a "push-cart" system is inappropriate in name. There is so little push about it. Neither is the term "go-cart" admitted to apply. There is no assurance that you are going to go—and that the Ford people should take umbrage at their buggy being used in comparison is no more than was to be expected.

Possibly South Bend is dead, as we have heard asserted, as the excuse for such a street railway service being maintained. Otherwise it would be impossible, but at that, we have a right to decline having it advertised to the world everytime a stranger enters our midst. A wide-awake town wouldn't stand for the little "dumps" that are employed to trap our citizenship about the city. There ought not to be anything short of a double-truck, eight-wheel, pay-as-you-enter car on any of the streets of South Bend, unless perhaps, during rush hours, to serve as trailers. We may be behind the times, and slow to move, but evidently we are also slow to anger. We are paying five cents straight for our street car service here, and getting about third class returns, while in other cities all around us, of the same size and even smaller, they at least get six tickets for a quarter, with a service as frequent and often freer, with a rolling-stock that makes it infinitely better.

The city has been long-suffering quite long enough. The traction people have the use of the city's streets for nothing and the city's population to draw upon, and if they are not carrying the passengers necessary to make money, it is their own fault. The inducements extended to the public to ride are so few and far between that like the proverbial hen's teeth they are countable only by cyphers. But the town is waking up. We trust the street railway magnates will take notice of that. The time for improvement is at hand. To make Murdock's foot ease an effective substitute for Allen's, riding on the cars must be made something of a comfort as well as a necessity.

WHERE IS OUR BUILDING CODE?

It was one year ago last night—on Saturday—that South Bend was startled by the collapse of the Shively-Honer building on S. Michigan st., that cost a number of lives. Defective construction was given as the cause. Forthwith there was an agitation for a municipal building code that would have a tendency to head off a repetition. A year has passed and we have no more of a building code than we had a year ago.

Must it always be so that a catastrophe is necessary to attract attention to such deficiencies, and, then, only to be forgotten as soon as the excitement is over? It occurs to us that our city government has been just a trifle negligent in allowing the demand for a building code to fade away so easily. It is true that at one time a committee was appointed to draft a code and five hundred dollars was appropriated to cover the expense, but the code never materialized. The committee soon came back wanting an appropriation of fifteen hundred dollars more and that was the end of it. Whether this additional demand was made for the purpose of heading off further progress we do not presume to know but it appears to have accomplished that purpose.

Some day perhaps there will be another collapse of some building, a few more people killed, and then, maybe, another agitation for a building code. It seems that we are unable to do much of anything except under great stress—not even as much as to agitate. And our progressive-citizen administration appears just as able to sit by and let such situations slide, as the rest of us.

THE WAR ON BACTERIA.

If we are to sterilize the mouthpieces of telephones every day to kill the bacteria and prevent infection, and are to scour the door-knobs every day for the same reason, why not be consistent and go on scrubbing and scrubbing everything with which we come in contact?

If these bacteria must be cleaned out once a day, why not once an hour, or once a minute? The pestiferous things are apt to get in any second.

Of course, everybody knows that drinking water should be not only boiled, but distilled, and then drunk from a sterilized cup, and the mouth rinsed with an antiseptic solution after.

We have all often enough been warned that handshaking is dangerous, and that kissing is simply deadly. All of which warning we have all daily observed, of course.

And now that we have got used to the incessant scrubbing and turned it

from hardship into habit, it is shocking to be informed by an eminent bacteriologist that we still are in momentary danger from microbes that lurk in the scrub-brush itself.

Maybe we shall next be scrubbing the scrub-brush, and sterilizing the soap, and then sterilizing the sterilizer. Bacteriologists are insatiable. They never know where to stop.

But their demands, if fully acceded to, would leave us no time to make a living. It would be scrub, scrub with us all the while. And while saving ourselves from death from microbes we would die of starvation.

The farmer, instead of plowing, would put in all his time killing the microbes on his plow handles; the butcher, instead of killing beef, would never cease to scour his knife and cleaver; and there would be nothing produced to eat.

This sort of thing may be carried too far. The bacteriologists must learn to draw the line somewhere.

OUR NATIONAL ART CENTER.

Washington will become the art center of the world when the war in Europe is terminated.

It is not painting that rules art, but rather sculpture, and since the war in Europe began sculptors have flocked to America, realizing that this country would be the place where art would be the most appreciated.

American sculptors have been for many years residents of Paris and other European cities where art flourishes. There is no place for art or artists in Europe at this time, and while there are, no doubt, many men who place courage and love of country above their artistic instincts, a great many have come to America to pursue their work.

Some of them have chosen Washington, among them Richard E. Brooks, George Julian Zolnay, Andrew O'Connor, who designed the Barry statue; Jerome Connor, Paul Bartlett and H. Brush Brown.

Frederick Mac Monnies has announced that he will make Washington his home, and it is said these eminent sculptors plan to give an art exhibition in Washington this winter that will compare with any shown in Paris in previous years.

It is gratifying that in all the horror of war in Europe art has risen supreme. This has been demonstrated in the consideration all nations have shown for the sacred objects of art.

Notwithstanding all reports, it is a fact that in all the art centers of Europe within the war zone the historic works of art have been preserved. In Louvain, where the Hotel de Ville has been preserved for centuries, the Germans threw a cordon of motor machines around it to save it from injury. And so it has been throughout the war.

SUPPRESSING THE FLIRTS.

Somebody said, "God could not be everywhere so he made mothers." It is too bad that the same could not have been said of policemen. It is not to be expected of the local appointee that she can be everywhere at one time, and the incident to be related is not intended to be a criticism of her for her absence. It is merely an expression of regret that she was not present.

Two young girls passing along Main street on New Year's day were accosted by two young men who wanted to take them to a moving picture show. They were so persistent about it that the girls almost had to fight to get away from them. The degree of freshness shown was extraordinary—

but of course that ended it. Neither the girls nor their parents cared to raise a row. They didn't want the publicity.

And there you have it,—and it is not altogether the publicity that is furnished by the press. The insults, slurs and abuse that people must undergo who attempt to resist the advances of the "masher," hurled at them by petty-fogging lawyers in the court room, is infinitely more dreaded than the newspapers.

The police court is generally pretty well supplied with attorneys of this ilk. The abuse that Policewoman Evans has undergone in her efforts to subdue such masculine flirts, and rid the streets of them, has been more dogged and disgraceful than would have been heaped upon her had she committed murder.

As long as this condition exists too, people are going to be scarce about reporting such flirtations to the officers. Perhaps something ought to be done to make justice in the city court room a trifle more respectable. Hamlet's remedy might be a trifle drastic, but it is suggestive:

"The first thing we do let's kill all the lawyers."

The advice of the government for Americans to refrain from European tours at present would seem superfluous were it not for the too well substantiated fact that there is a class of Americans who go to Europe

hunting trouble and then yell for the Stars and Stripes when they find it.

The ideal husband and the ideal wife never find each other, perhaps for the reason that ideals, like tastes, differ.

A cooking expert tells how to make carrot patties. It seems almost impossible that any one would wish to make them.

A Chicago sportsman is hunting ducks in an aeroplane. Next thing they will be going after bass with a submarine.

After the cruel war is over there ought to be some profitable lead mining in some of those European countries.

The old-fashioned boy who had a cowlick now wears his hair pompadour, or parted in the middle.

When a learned reviewer pronounces the financial skies brighter he doesn't mean they are blue.

The odor of gasoline as a sure indication of opulence, has been succeeded by the egg stain on the vest.

Thus far among the charges of war atrocities there has been no allegation of embalmed beef.

After people get tired of hearing a man talk, they would rather be wrong than accept his advice.

You can't judge the girls by their appearance in fashionable clothes. Some of them are really smart.

Statesmen Real and Near.

By Fred C. Kelly

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—If one were to jump to hastily conclusions, one might opine that Frank B. Willis has a star of destiny. Willis is about to become the governor of Ohio.

He has risen in a few years from obscurity to fame. As a small boy he dreamed of going to congress. Later, as a college boy working his way along by carrying large buckets of coal up long, steep flights of stairs, he still thought of going to congress. He went to congress. Now he'll be a governor. And he is being mentioned as a possible president.

All such items as that could easily lead one to assert that the man has a star of destiny. But he hasn't. Stars never had much influence over Willis one way or the other. In the final analysis, Willis owes his rise not nearly so much to stars as to animals.

Always the big shifts in the career of Willis have occurred with some animal in his ascendancy. Chief among the animals that have influenced Willis's life have been:

A dog, a sheep, a calf, a pony—in the order mentioned. Also a flock of little shotes.

When Willis started to run for governor of Ohio there were many who, without knowing about the life, thought at once of a dog. They believed Willis himself was a goat because he would lose his seat in congress and yet would not be a governor. But in the little detail of getting elected Willis fooled them. So we see that the matter of being a goat has really nothing to do with this little tale at all.

The first animal to enter into and become really identified with Willis was a dog. Willis grew up on a farm in Delaware county, Ohio. His brothers were all much older than he, and he had no playmate. So he wanted a dog. One day he went to a neighboring farm to help old Joe in Gregor get in his oats. It was his first day's work away from home and when night came he was paid off. Instead of being paid in money he was paid in dog, at the rate of one dog or a dish of a cute little fuzzy pup, largely colie.

From then on Willis and that dog grew up together, and Willis has given me his personal assurance that old Cap was probably the smartest dog that ever lived. At one time Willis had an ambition to become a locomotive engineer. And one summer he was offered a job on the railroad.

The reason he didn't take the job was because he didn't bear the thought of being separated from Cap. Except for his attachment to the dog Willis might now be a fireman or switchman or something on the C. H. & D.

Willis did a piece of work once for his Uncle Frank. His Uncle Frank had heard about him working a day for a dog, and he said to him: "I have no dog to offer you, but suppose I pay you a sheep."

So Willis got a sheep. When the sheep was as big as it would ever be, Willis sold it for enough to buy himself a gay little calf. It was a calf above the average as it turned out. Willis desired to take it to the county fair, but his father could not spare any of the horses to haul it there, and the distance was too great to walk all the way leading a calf. Some young men might have stayed away from the fair, but Willis did not. He rode the calf to the fair. Moreover, the calf took the first prize. That gave "he calf" a reputation, and when it was no longer a calf but a steer, Willis sold it for two \$20 gold pieces.

Up to that time he had never believed there was so much as \$40. His parents advised him to put it in the bank and let it draw interest, but instead of that Willis went and bought himself a wild young Texas pony.

The pony was the first connecting link between Willis and the outside world. The day after he got the pony he rode it clear over into the next county to attend a big political rally and heard a member of congress make a speech. It was the first time Willis had ever seen a sure-enough congressman, and he was greatly impressed. Right there as he sat on his \$40 pony listening to the speech, he decided that to make speeches and make laws must be the noblest work of man.

When he got back home Willis began learning speeches and saying them at miking time while the cows listened thoughtfully and chewed their cuds.

Willis did not realize it at the time, but still another animal had fitted him for public speaking and statesmanship, to wit: A shote, or rather several shotes. These shotes were in a narrow rectangular pas-

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCT WITH US.

The idea is to make getting to heaven easy, but a good many people make hard work of it.

DON'T LOSE YOUR NOODLE.

Why worry for the future, When the past you have survived? Th. present is the worst you get—Use the wisdom you've derived.

THE best poem of the year, in the opinion of Rabbi Cronbach, and a most remarkable one in the conception of all who have read it, is published in a late magazine and its message is that whether at war or at peace human nature must be taken as it is found and made the best of.

NOBODY denies 1914 was a rotten year with its war, business depression and other calamities of greater or lesser degree, but our experience—and it is probably the common one—is that it is all in the game and that 1914 just happened to be the goat.

AMONG other things, war illustrates just how fiendish civilized human beings can become when they have a chance.

Our bestest New Year's present was belated in the mail, It came when least expected, And that's what makes the tale. There's a boy way up in Michigan. He's just past four years old, And he says we are his partner; But perhaps that you've been told. And what do you think he sent us? No, not a necktie, or your life. A girl might send you neckwear, Or it might be your wife. When a man sends a man a present, Though he may be full grown, He sends him something fitting. Something he would like to own. So it was with our old partner, The four-year-old man we mean, He sent us a set for a smoker, As fine as ever was seen. And we know the wish that impelled him—

The hope that every boy feels— That sometime he'll have the symptoms That developing manhood reveals.

ONLY 299 more days of 1915. But perhaps you'll want more.

C. N. F.

Ship-Purchase Bill Likely to be Sidetracked for Time Being

By Sidney Espey.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—Prest Wilson seems designed to be disappointed in at least a part of his legislative program at the present session of congress. It now seems extremely doubtful that the Alexander ship purchase bill will succeed in passing the breakers before it.

The measure was shelved at the last congress because of the increasing tide of sentiment against it. Had it been pressed for passage, it was almost certain to have been defeated. Prest Wilson was confident the situation would be changed when congress convened this month. He believed its attitude would be decidedly more receptive. He still thinks the bill, commanding the administration support, will be enacted into law shortly after Christmas.

Administration leaders in both the house and senate now declare the outlook for the bill is dubious. It seems certain that party lines will be badly broken if the measure comes to a vote. It is doubtful, however, whether it will be brought to a vote; the party leaders probably will abandon it when they see the fight ahead of them. The president, anxious as he is to have it passed, is not so irrevocably pledged to the bill that he would sidetrack it rather than face another setback in congress.

Briefly, the bill provides for the purchase of ships by the United States government to provide a merchant marine to handle the war crisis. It does not provide for government operation, however. A "holding company" is to be created by the statute, comprising leading business men, ship-owners and officers of the government, which will be invested with the management of the purchased ships. The original Alexander bill provided for an initial outlay of \$20,000,000 for ship purchase, but this amount probably will be increased in the bill to be presented to the present congress.

Opponents of the bill declare that the shipping situation is now entirely different from that which faced the country last September. There is now no dearth of ships to care for our

export trade, they assert, and point out the fact that no section of the nation is complaining of its shipping facilities. Indeed, the real difficulty now is, not lack of ships, but guarantee that the cargo will reach its destination. It is certain that scores of ships and cargoes consigned for neutral nations have been held up by belligerent vessels on the high seas, with the result that trade has become badly demoralized.

Great Britain now states that the destruction of the German fleet will clear the oceans of the last obstruction to commerce; but she fails to state that she herself is most active in stopping all and holding all vessels destined to neutral ports whose cargoes may possibly find their way into Germany or Austria.

The great argument that will be brought to bear against the Alexander bill is that it is not necessary. On the face of things, it would appear that this logic strikes close to the fact. The opponents of the measure are proposing a substitute bill allowing the government to charter and operate merchantmen whenever the emergency requires it. It is probable that some bill of this type will be passed in place of the original bill.

Outside of the Alexander measure, the present session of congress is likely to be tranquil, with only the controversy over army and navy preparedness looming up as a source of trouble to the administration. That conservation measures are not likely to cause protracted debate or stir up any great controversy.

Nothing has yet been presented to congress likely to smash the present program of adjournment of March 4 next without an extra session. The legislative program is a small one; the appropriation measures, particularly the army and navy budgets, are likely to cause more trouble than anything else.

It is now accepted in many well-informed quarters that the ship purchase bill will be quietly shelved within the next four or five months. Opposition to it is steadily developing, and it is not likely that the administration cares to wage a losing fight.

CONCENTRATION.

"I don't know that there is much use in keeping my school open more than a month or two each year," said the German pedagogue.

"Why is that?" "Our emperor has simplified matters to such an extent that when you ask the name of the world's greatest poet, painter, musician, general, traveler or monarch, there is only one answer to all the questions."—Tit Bits.

Mrs. Mathias Stover died, aged 82. Bnai Brith installed the following officers, Samuel Adler officiating: A. B. Kemper, mentor; Joseph Livingston, president; Max Cohen, vice president; Felix Livingston, financial secretary; F. M. Ranauer, corresponding secretary; Wolf Livingston, treasurer; J. Hurwich, warden; N. Becker, guardian.

Aaron Jones is in Indianapolis attending a meeting of the state board of agriculture.

Alex Rupel, Leo Willis and John Bowman returned to school at Waukegan, Wis.

Charles and Edward Mueller of Jefferson, Wis., are visiting their brothers, F. W. and W. A. A. Mueller.

The Misses Charlotte Roberts and Florence Ringle and Fred W. Keller returned to the university of Michigan.

ture about half a mile long. Willis did not care to walk half a mile at each feeding time merely to announce to a bunch of shotes that dinner was served, and so he got up on top of a fence, made a megaphone of his hands, and paged the shotes.

In that way he developed a voice that is the most far-reaching to be found in public life today, not even excepting that of Mr. Will Bryan.

Thus we see, do we not how all the animals contributed their help and influence to prepare Willis to become a great thing in life today, not even excepting that of Mr. Will Bryan. (Copyright, 1915, by Fred C. Kelly.)

The Union Trust Company's Christmas Savings Club is now open. Come in and let us tell you all about it.

Adv.

Red Line Always at Your Service. Home 5613. Bell 613-607

Short Talks on Advertising

No. 5.

BY R. S. NEWMAN.

Some merchants say that keeping their name before the public is sufficient. This might be true if you kept it there long enough and no one else did any better advertising.

I do not believe in generalities, "All kinds of staple and fancy groceries." "A full line of dry goods, cloaks and suits"; such things were said fifty years ago. Your name and business can be kept before the public just the same and more profitably when you advertise some special thing or things. The way to stir up trade is to take some item for which there is a natural demand and put a deep cut price on it. This will bring people to the store and they will buy other things providing you have a good sales organization.

Advertising to be profitable must be backed by a good sales organization.

Every clerk should be a salesman or saleslady, not merely an order-taker. Many a good dollar is spent in bringing the people to a store only to get a cool reception from the people employed therein. Too many clerks form the habit of saying "Is that all"? instead of suggesting the showing of some new piece of goods which has just been received.

The idea of drawing people with special offerings is perfectly legitimate even when the only object is to get them into the store, for in that way they get acquainted with the store and stock. If these are alright they will come again.

I have had merchants to tell me that they have tried "Specials" and never got any results, but upon investigation I usually found that they had hunted around in their stock for things that were shop-worn and unsalable. Naturally no one would want them at any price. Other merchants have said to me, "What is the use of paying money for advertisement to sell something at cost or below?" These merchants do not realize the value of getting new people in their stores, overlooking the opportunity of selling other articles and getting new permanent customers.

Follow the Legislature

69th Assembly Convenes Thursday.

For the first time in local newspaper history South Bend people will have an opportunity to follow the work of their representatives in the state assembly, from first-hand observation, written especially for their benefit. The records of Senator G. R. Summers, Reps. George Y. Hepler and Charles A. Hagerty, Joint Senator John B. Faulkner and Joint Rep. Peter A. Follmer, in particular, and, in general, all members of the two houses of the assembly, will be presented from day to day through the columns of

THE SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

By John Henry Zuver, Managing Editor.

Mr. Zuver will spend the most of his time in Indianapolis during the session of the legislature, and will handle the proceedings of that body for this paper himself, with such comment as is deemed desirable. South Bend knows of Mr. Zuver's work as a political writer, he having served this paper in that capacity during the presidential campaign in 1912, and during the state campaign last fall, which is only a brief bit of his experience along that line. His determination to handle the Indiana assembly, himself, that he may know what is going on at first-hand, grows out of the assurance that the republican party means to "play horse" much as possible with the sessions, and it is important that the people of South Bend know the truth.

It is intended, however, that the reports shall be handled from the viewpoint of an independent observer, giving credit where credit is due, and leaving criticism to fall where it belongs, regardless of party affiliations. If you would know what the legislature is really doing, follow Mr. Zuver's reports.

You will want the "News-Times" while the legislature is in session at least. Morning or evening edition with Sunday paper included, 12c per week, delivered at your door. By mail, \$3.00; with Sunday paper, \$4.00. Try it and you will never give it up. These reports of the legislature will be the best newspaper feature ever published in this city.

—THE PUBLISHERS

A BRIGHTENER.

"How's the baby?" asked the neighbor of the new father.

"Fine!" said the proud parent.

"Don't you find that a baby brightens up a household wonderfully?" pursued the friend.

"Yes," said the parent, with a sigh; "we have the gas going most of the night now."

The Union Trust Company's Christmas Savings Club is now open. Come in and let us tell you all about it.

Adv.

AMBIGUOUS.

Uncle Sol threw aside the letter he was reading and uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Doggone!" he cried, "why can't people be more explicit?"

"What's the matter, pa?" asked Aunt Sue.

"This letter from home," Uncle Sol answered, "says father fell out of the old apple tree and broke a limb."

SILVER COIN BAGS. Regular 75c and \$1.00 at 25c and 50c at Conleys. Adv.